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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A FRIEND

J. STANLEY DURKEE, PH. D.

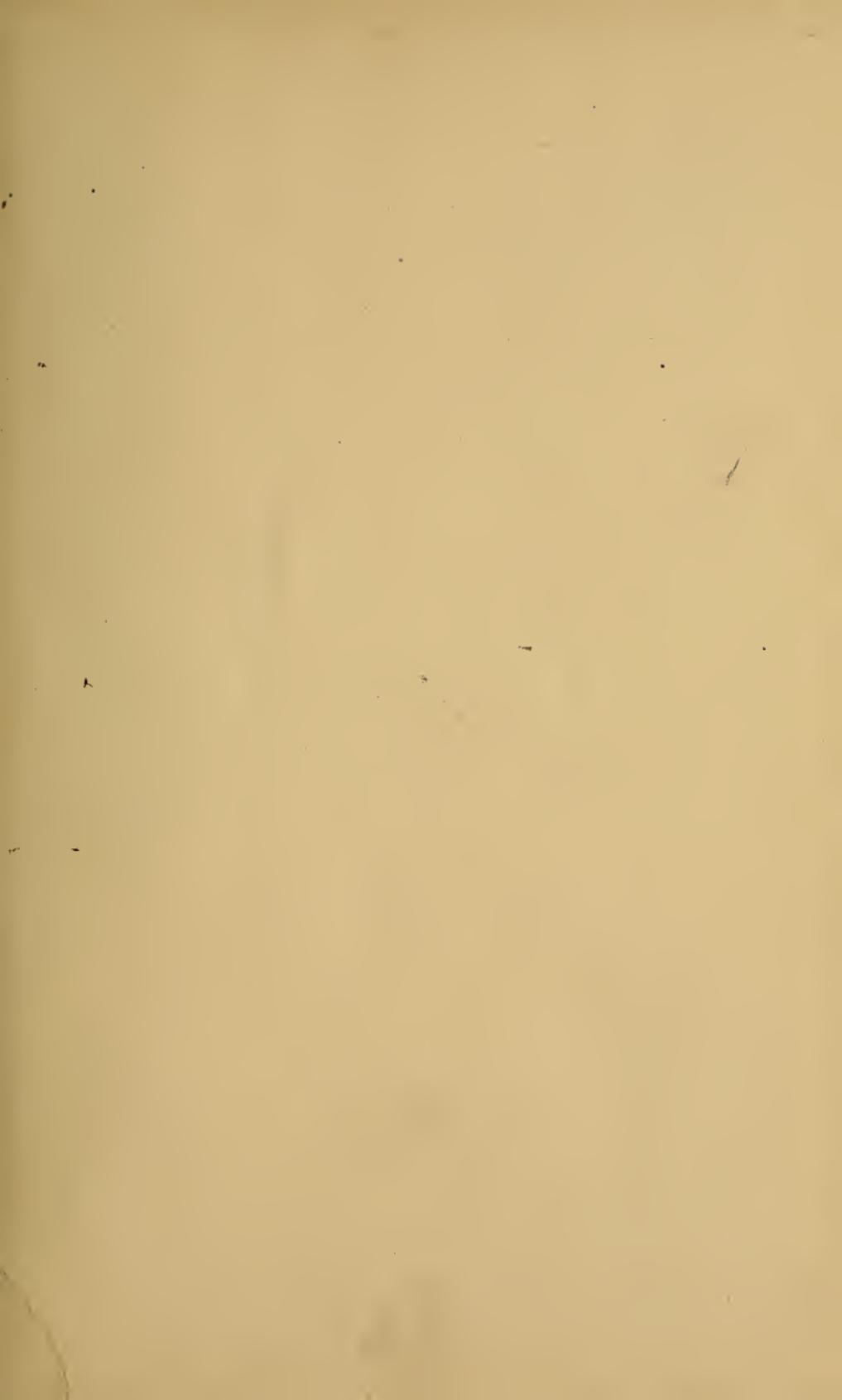


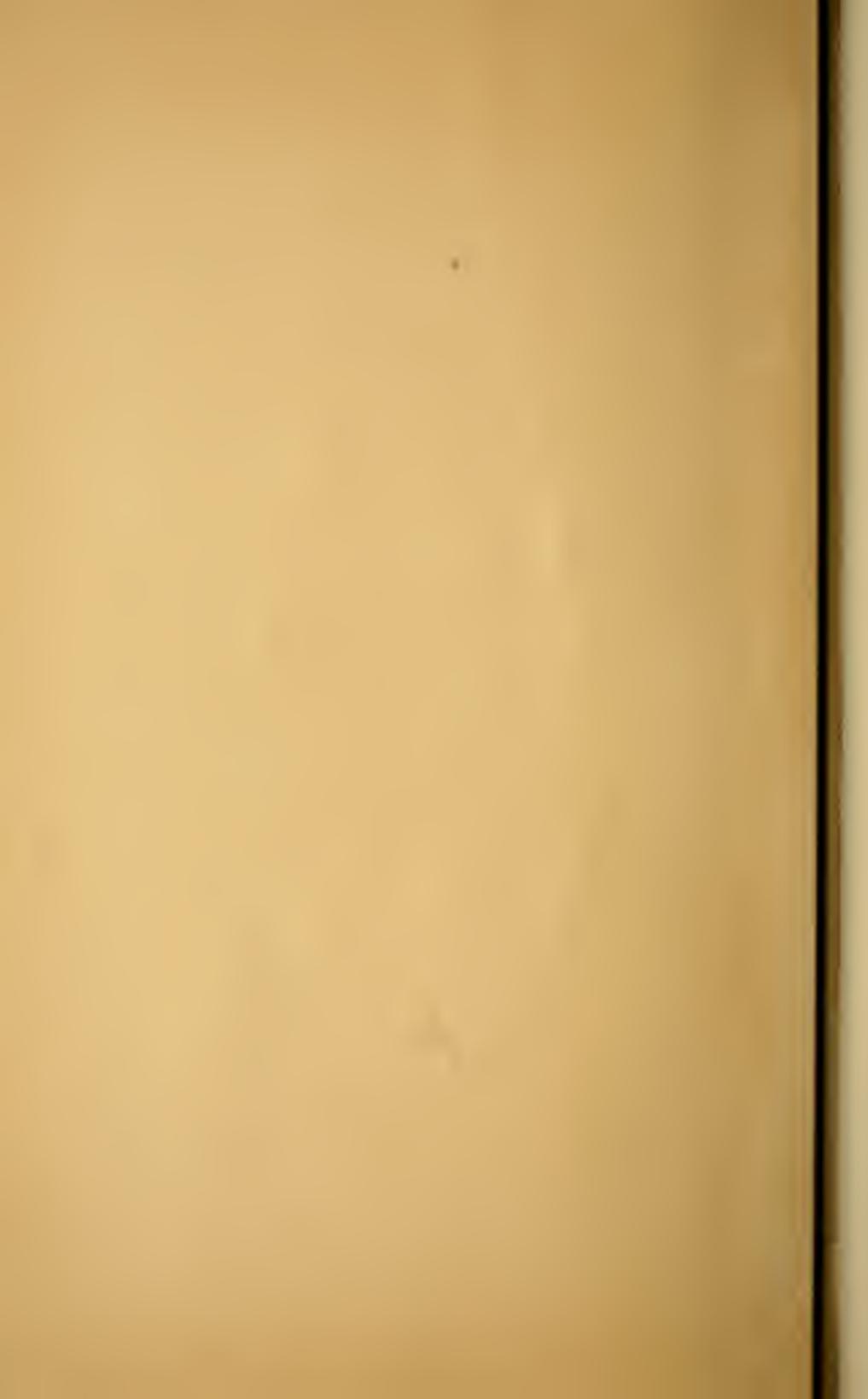
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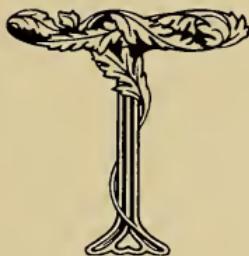




IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A FRIEND



LIFE OF
REV. ALAN HUDSON, D.D.



*A Loving Tribute from His
Friend and Fellow Pastor*

J. STANLEY DURKEE, Ph.D.
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THE SALEM D. TOWNE COMPANY
Boston, 1916

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*To
Alan Hudson
who liveth and was dead and
is alive forevermore
and to all
who likewise strive
and overcome
by the Blood of the Lamb
and the Word of His Testimony
this tribute
of a Friend and Comrade
is offered*





IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A FRIEND

A winter's storm is raging off the wild Newfoundland coast. A fierce hurricane, an awful sea and great fields of drift ice contend in wild-est battling. The water for miles and miles off shore is white with spume and broken ice. Caught in that fearful war of elements is a noble ship coming in from her long voyage. Captain Alan Hudson, a native of the Island and hence familiar with that treacherous coast and those winter storms, fights the sailor's fight against unequal odds. No ship ever constructed by man could stand the grinding ice in such a gale. Caught between two great floes, the ship is crushed. Only time enough is allowed the captain and crew to make their escape to the largest ice floe, when the great fields separate again, and the ship goes down. The battle for life, adrift on the ice in a northern winter sea, is a battle known only to such sailor heroes.

After days of untold suffering, the men were rescued. Captain Hudson reached his little home in Pouch Cove, eighteen miles from the city of St. Johns, spent with the struggle.

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POUCH COVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

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That fight proved too much for human endurance. The extreme cold and awful exposure so weakened him that a fatal illness followed. It was at this time, December 10, 1866, that little Alan was born. When but a week old, he was taken so critically ill that the old family doctor said the baby could not live. But the feeble father said,— “Yes, he will live and will become a minister of righteousness.” Then taking the helpless infant in his arms, he blessed him and, lifting a prayer to Almighty God, dedicated the child to the church. Eight weeks later, Captain Hudson sailed out over the bar and met his Pilot face to face. As he passed beyond human sight, yet, ere the curtain was drawn behind, he exclaimed in rapture at the sights which were greeting him, and the inhabitants of that other world who were coming toward him. With a smile upon his face that even death could not remove, he made his port in safety and went ashore in the glory land to abide forever.

Captain Hudson was a marked man among the citizens of his native Island. Keeper of a general store, teacher of navigation, a successful sea captain, an earnest Christian and member of

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the church, he was everywhere respected and honored. While he left the heritage of a Christian husband and father, there was also left the heritage of struggle, to wife and children.

Little Alan's constant companion was his sister Julia. Hand in hand they used to wander on the beach in summer, gathering shells or building castles of sand. That comradeship was life-long. Through all those after years of battling, leading up to his triumphs, he turned to his sister for comfort and inspiration and always did that sister's heart respond.

As he grew older, the struggles of such a hardy folk, as well as their sorrows, gripped him. With a vividness all his own he used to tell of standing on the bold and rocky shores of his Island home looking far out over the sea, while around him were the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of those fishermen who were far out on the fishing grounds. Then they all would sing. Hymns of the church which spoke their loves and prayers were chosen, and these they sent forth, hoping that their voices would be wafted to the dear ones far out on the waters to give them courage and cheer. If, for a moment, we

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may be still, I think we can hear them singing now, while the waves beat time on the shore, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Jesus Saviour, pilot me," "Out on an ocean all boundless we roam; we're homeward bound, homeward bound." In some parts of Newfoundland that custom is still maintained. They sing to their loved ones far out at sea and offer their prayers to God for the safety of the ships and crews.

Another very vivid memory I will ask him to tell in his own words :

"One of the most wonderful experiences of my childhood was a sledge ride, across Cape St. Francis to St. Johns, behind eight magnificent, great Newfoundland dogs. Long before day, came the hasty breakfast by candlelight, the careful packing of grocery boxes and bundles on the sledge, a basket of lunch for ourselves, a basket of corncake and scraps for our steeds. Last, but not least, the stowing in of my dumpy little figure, tucked to the chin in warm wolf robes beside the driver, then a swish and a snap of his long, lashed whip, a wild leap, a chorus of glad barks from those splendid dogs, and away we flew, under the morning starlight, into trackless fields of snow, or seemingly so to my wondering young eyes. The music of the bells on the dogs, their joyous cries as they strained their wiry muscles to their task, their curly, glistening, black and white coats, their long, silky ears and plumpy tails swept backward in the morning wind,

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thrilled my childish imagination with that sense of motion and wild adventure. The vast expanse of white, un-trodden snow-fields, the deep blue sky arching over us, lit by a thousand glistening lamps, our onward dash toward the sparkling horizon, all come back to me like some glorious flight toward the stars ! ”

One can see him pat those dogs with delight as they are home again, smoothing their long, curly coats and calling them by name with the love such boys and such dogs have for each other.

As he grew older, he was told of that commitment of his life to God and to the church, by his dying father. How it gripped him ! It became the challenge of his living. It was a passion, a touch-stone for his ambitions. That consecration became to him almost a memory. So much did he live in it that he could feel himself lifted in his father’s arms. He could hear the prayer and those earnest words of consecration. They grew in his growth. They became lights to his ambitions, as those flashing lights along the shore of his Island home were lights to guide the sailors. He would steal away alone to a high bluff by the sea, and talk with himself of what he would become for God and the church.

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The white ship that sailed away yonder and dipped behind the sea line carried his young desires. The ships that came back to his Island home brought him prophecies of what he would do in that distant future.

Do you say that these are old, old thoughts for a mere child? Ah, but "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Even yet we little dream how our boys and girls are weaving from fancy their future careers and coloring those from the deeds of daily environment.

They saw him there, the ordinary boy at home; they knew not what ambitions were stirring, what strange voices were calling to the wide, open life.

In the autumn of 1872, his mother moved to Toronto, Canada. We are fortunate in possessing a photograph of him taken at this age.

The picture shows that the boy is father to the man. The same finely chiseled face, broad forehead, heavy brows, mobile lips are here which, in after years, made him a marked man in any company. If there is a troubled expression of the brows, as if he wondered what this camera man meant to do to him, there is also a

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look in the eyes which shows that he is determined to know, and will not run. That was his life's attitude.

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A couple of years after coming to Toronto, his mother married Mr. Jordan Churchill, himself a Newfoundland, and six children were born, of whom four are still surviving. These children, together with Alan and Julia, formed a happy home. The older of the half brothers declared that they all looked up to Alan and were ever proud of him and of his successes.

Life in Toronto was a close, hard struggle. Anything that the family could do to financially assist the parents was eagerly done. Alan used to get up in the gray dawn, walk a mile to the newspaper office, fold papers for an hour (those were the days before folding machines) and then deliver them to his customers from house to house. This would take him until 8.30 a.m. Then he would hasten home, get a bite of breakfast and rush off to Louisa Street Public School.

Uneventful were the months and years following, save as they were deepening in the growing boy the consecration of his father and shaping his mind for future tasks. Uneventful, do we call them, those months between the planting of the seed and the gathering of the harvest, but every

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ELM STREET CHURCH

hour is telling for or against that harvest. So were those seemingly uneventful years big with

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the future in Alan's life. The old Elm Street Church, where he attended Sunday School, could it speak, would doubtless tell of his growing reverence, of his silent boyhood prayers for a chance, as certainly his teachers tell of his eagerness in learning Bible verses and listening to those fascinating old stories. Yet, the old church could also tell of the fear generated in this boy by the awful pictures drawn in the sermons, of a lurid hell smoking just under the platform where the preacher stood. Dr. Hudson used to tell of the mental agony he experienced then, as well as physical, for his feet must swing from those high seats and a move to bring them to the floor for rest was instantly checked by a zealous but unthinking guardian.

At seventeen years of age came a crisis in his life. General Booth of the Salvation Army visited Toronto and made many addresses. One night the plea for volunteers reached Alan's soul. Sitting in that great audience, he debated his answer. Before him came again the vision of his dying father holding the babe in his arms, blessing it and consecrating it to the church of Jesus Christ. To-night is the call from such inspired

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lips as those of William Booth. Shall he yield? Has the hour come when he will take an open stand for righteousness? The battle was not long for decision, but the struggle to stand was a fierce struggle. At last with the cry of Isaiah upon his lips, "Here am I, send me," he arose, went to the front and kneeled there, a new joy and strange elation flooding his soul.

With him such a consecration was business. He must go out after others and win them to Jesus Christ. The very next night found him leading a comrade to the altar. Within a few weeks he joined the Army, marching with them upon the streets and speaking to the assembled crowds. "Why, he is only a boy!" they cried. "Listen to him talk!" So rapidly did he develop in the art of street preaching that within a few weeks he was called "the eloquent boy preacher." Many a person said to his mother, "Some day that boy of yours will be a great preacher."

Six months later, his call to public service came. He must leave all for Christ and give his time wholly to the Army. He accepted this call to Army work in the same spirit in which our young people are now accepting any social

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service work. Here was an opening. Here he could make his life count. Here he might find the pathway leading on to the greater work he desired. His mother remonstrated, thinking him too young, while others endeavored to hinder his going. The boy's answer showed his conviction, — "I must go, for God has called me." Then, turning, he said, "Mother, you may feel badly now, but some day you will be proud of me."

And that revered and aged mother has been spared to see that day, again and again. Perhaps never a prouder day than on that 23d day of June, 1903, when Alan Hudson, as United States delegate to the great International Sunday School Convention, held in his same boyhood city of Toronto, arose upon the rostrum from among the most eminent English and American divines, came quietly to the front, paused a moment in silence, swept the vast auditorium and crowded galleries with a glance which challenged attention, and then, as though the memory of his boyhood struggles, his seekings after the true God had been welling up in his big heart like a pent stream, he poured forth his

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eloquent plea for setting Christ, and Christ only, in the hearts of childhood and youth. A hush fell over that vast audience of seven thousand people. They sat spellbound under that rich, musical voice in wonderful appeal. When he ceased speaking, cheer after cheer of pride and enthusiasm shook the great assembly hall, their pride augmented by the fact, which in opening he had briefly referred to, that he was the brown-eyed boy who had peddled papers in their streets in the long ago. But all the tributes of this audience and the approval of his peers were not so grateful to his heart as when, at the close of the session, an old, old man with snow-white hair, pushed through the crowd, grasped his hand with both of his own, exclaiming with shaking voice, "Alan, Alan, my boy! Do you know me?" Some note in the quavering voice was a key to unlock a far-away memory. "My old Sunday School teacher? Can it be possible?" "It is, it is! Thank God for this day!" said the aged man, and added in fervent voice, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" The love and pride of that boyhood teacher, as he wrung his hand in farewell and sought his

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mother seated near at hand, and the sight of the grateful tears upon her cheek were more to his loyal heart than all the plaudits of the public and the press which followed.

A favorite poem of Dr. Hudson's throughout his life, and one he so often quoted, was Kipling's "Mother o' Mine."

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine !
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine !

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine !
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine !

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

Accepted by the Army, he was sent to Nova Scotia as Captain of a division. There, in St. John and Moncton, New Brunswick, and Summerside, Prince Edward Island, he conducted wonderfully successful evangelistic campaigns, winning scores and scores of earth's defeated and broken children back to a life of sobriety and faith in God.

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It was at this latter place that he met another of life's crises. This time it was in the form of a pair of blue eyes softly gleaming from a beautiful girl's face. Mr. Robert McC. Stavert, one of those noble Christian men, heard the young Salvation Army preacher and was instantly attracted by his face, his voice, and his earnest appeals. He sought the personal acquaintance of this brilliant young leader, invited him home, and talked to him long and earnestly regarding his need of an education to fit him for the greater positions he could fill. Mr. Stavert even took the initiative, reading with his guest such books as stimulated in the young man a desire for higher education. In that home was that blue-eyed girl of fourteen years. She was quick, vivacious, idealistic. Though he never guessed it at the time, nor did she, yet the moment of their first meeting in her father's home was fated with a life love. He never forgot those eyes of blue. Love for her became his attraction, though he only longed and feared and dreamed of a love like hers which he knew was now infinitely beyond his reach.

Thus were the seeds planted for a higher education and a noblest life love. An inspiration

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for this higher education also came to him from Rev. William Lawson, a Methodist minister in New Brunswick. At about the age of twenty, Mr. Hudson met that brilliant Baptist preacher, then of Moncton, New Brunswick, Rev. W. B. Hinson. Each was attracted strongly by the other. Dr. Hinson persuaded the young evangelist to enter the work of the church, and baptized him a member of that church. Soon Mr. Hudson became assistant to the pastor and besides his regular duties in the church preached in the little Baptist Church at Cherry Valley. God led Joseph to the throne of Egypt by the way of the prison. He led Alan Hudson to a commanding pulpit along the way I have indicated. By every road He leads upward.

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His works in vain ;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain.”

In the fall of 1888, Mr. Hudson entered Bangor Theological Seminary, spending one year there. His course of studies for the year was Greek, Old Testament History, and Hebrew. Rev. Newman Matthews of Andover,

Massachusetts, his roommate at Bangor writes of that year,— “I retain certain vivid impressions which this intimate, daily association with him made on me. First, of the hearty manner in which he took up his studies,—a difficult thing to do for one who had been out of school several years. Then, too, of how eagerly he was looking forward to the future, as high-minded young men are apt to do. We talked and dreamed together a good deal of the future. How well I remember those talks! Of two other things which are important in the light of his later career, I have very distinct impressions,—his taste for great literature and his kindness, brotherliness and big-heartedness, all of which marked so notably his later life. Even in that day he loved his Shakespeare whose lines he later stored away in memory and were so often upon his lips. His remarkable capacity for friendship, too, was present in those early days.”

After a year at Bangor, Mr. Hudson felt the necessity of being in a larger centre where the greatest advantages would be his. He realized that Boston would offer most to him now, denied as he had been of earlier school training.

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Consequently, in the fall of 1890 he entered Boston University School of Theology, graduating from the School in 1892. Of his life there many classmates write enthusiastically. A single incident reveals his life-long characteristic. One day in his class in oratory, he was called upon to give a portion of that great speech, "Webster's Reply to Hayne." So feelingly and forcefully did he render the part that his professor complimented him in the highest terms. Then, another member of the class was called on for the same task. This young man, of hesitating manner, low voice and with no experience as a speaker, rendered the part in such a way that the professor forgot himself and mimicked him to the cruel delight of certain members of the class. Then, criticisms were called for from the class. Taking their cue from the professor, they, too, criticized harshly. At last it came Mr. Hudson's turn. He, white with indignation, rising from his seat, said, "I do not wish to be considered disrespectful or take to myself power that does not belong to me, but I do wish to say that for a class or even a professor to ridicule and shame a student when he has tried to do his best, is beneath the

contempt of fair-minded people." The class was dismissed. As the students crowded through the door, Mr. Hudson felt a pull at his coat and at the same time a hand sliding inside his own and a hungry squeeze given. Turning, he met the eyes of that student, — eyes filled with tears. Not a word was then spoken, but that incident was the beginning of a life-time friendship.

One day a fellow student came saying, "Hudson, I would give anything if I could approach people as you do; if I could face an audience and affect it as you do. I have all the money and influence I want, but I haven't got what you have. Where did you get it from? You have something that money cannot buy or education give. Tell me how you got it?" Alan turned to him and said, "Yes, I will tell you. It is my great love for saving souls. When you can get down into the gutter and point the poor drunkard and the fallen woman the way to a better life and tell them there is a Saviour who loves them, then you have my secret." That passion characterized his whole life. Big, broad, scholarly, refusing to be cramped by man-made creeds, fearlessly proclaiming the newer truths in

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science and revelation, eagerly investigating all fields of modern Biblical research and standing for that newer revelation in the face of all captious criticism, he yet was ever swayed by the passion to point sinful men and women the way to a better life and tell them of that Saviour who loves them. That steadied his scholarship, gave pleading to his voice and eloquence to his lips.

Dr. Nacy McGee Waters, so recently going from us and leaving such a wake of sorrow and tears, was a school mate of Mr. Hudson's during that first year at Boston University.

After graduating from his School of Theology and feeling yet the need of higher training and especially the culture of association with men of broadest scholarship and vision, he entered Harvard Divinity School for one year. We find him there in Room 7, Divinity Hall, for the year 1893.

Those were hard years for the struggling student. He once wrote his sister Julia, "When I feel discouraged, I go to my room and talk it over with God." Then to the battle he goes

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once more. It was "trust God and then fight through." What a glimpse is this of struggle and strong reliance on God! In such struggles are heroes of the cross moulded and iron put into the blood of future fighters. This year is especially memorable because of his engagement to that little blue-eyed Island girl, Ella Stavert, at whose home he was so inspired to a higher life by her father. A photograph taken about this time shows the development passing years have brought.

During the summer of '93, the Pilgrim Congregational Church of North Weymouth, Massachusetts, extended him a call to become its pastor. After some hesitancy he accepted, beginning his work that fall. He was ordained to the ministry of Christ and His church December 28th of the same year, Dr. George C. Lorimer of Tremont Temple, Boston, preaching the sermon.

Can you see the young man as he walked slowly to the altar that night and kneeled for the ordaining prayer while the hands of brother pastors rested upon his bowed head? That "almost memory" of the consecration by his father came

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back and the tears started as he thought of the prophecy and its fulfillment. The hard battling

for education and self-mastery passed now in review and as the consecrating prayer ended and the consecrating hands were lifted, he raised his head, looked up, and smiled as if he were making answer to his father, while his splendid face was suffused with the inward light of his triumphant soul.

That he would prove a success in this pastorate was at once apparent. His great capacity for friendship, his administrative ability, his passion for Christ and for men led him into the very heart of that old church. Their love for him has not dimmed with the passing years. The letter of sympathy to Mrs. Hudson from the church at the time of his seemingly untimely death, speaks from the heart :

" His ministry began with us. Here he established his home. In this church he wrote the introduction to his life's work ; and although it has been twenty years since he closed his work here, his ministry is still fresh in the hearts of us all. . . . He possessed that rare gift of entering hearts and there abiding through the years. His friendships consequently were not changing, only enlarging. Now that his brief, full chapter is closed, he will be, as though the years had not separated him, our beloved pastor and true friend."

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On November 28th of the year 1894 he was married to Ella Stavert whose blue eyes and laughing, loving face had been to him an inspiration and a challenge. The Island home at Summerside was gay with house flowers and filled with loving friends as he led her to the altar where awaited them the pastor, Rev. E. M. Dill, who spoke the glad, solemn words that made them one "Till death us do part."

And what years of love and perfect comradeship have followed! That love, which waked and challenged him, has nerved and inspired and led him on to eminent heights of achievement. I asked Mrs. Hudson to give me her impressions of the man I call my friend. With a sob that cut like breaking heart-strings, she said,— "The noblest, truest, best of husbands. To my younger life he was my ideal, high-minded, interested in humanity, a lover of nature. Our life together for twenty-two years, blended in perfect harmony, deepened and strengthened the impressions of my girlhood,— He is still my ideal." Noblest words are these from the heart that knew. But let him speak of Mrs. Hudson. In his letter of resignation

to the Brockton church, after nineteen years of service, he says:

“If, in the swiftly passing years of this ministry, a simple service has been rendered to this church and city, it is due to the guidance of our common Father, the unflagging loyalty of you, my faithful people, and the tireless sympathy of the gentle woman, who, hand in hand with me in these years of ceaseless toil, has borne the burdens, soothed the sorrows and brightened the hopes of weary souls along the dusty way of life.”

Read again, and more deeply, his love, from the dedication of his great historical novel “A Heritage of Honor,”

“To my mother,
a gentle lady of the old school,
and
To my wife,
a sweet lady of the new,
in whose tender eyes
of brown and blue
I see as in a mirror
a familiar face.”

Or read again his words of farewell at that final great reception in Brockton where fifteen hundred people came to say goodbye :

“Through all my life as your pastor, there has always been that guiding spirit of my dear wife always ready to

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aid me, and whatever success I may have achieved I owe to her."

Three boys have been born a blessing and comfort to their home, Robert Stavert, Alan Bedford, and Henry Clinton. May they worthily follow in the footsteps of such a father, for without them, he cannot be made perfect. His ambitions for them were great. He knew the privations suffered for an education. He knew the worth of a cultured mind. Anything would he give for his boys. Noble, scholarly men they must become to fulfill his longings.

In the spring of 1896, Mr. Hudson received a call to the old First Congregational Church, Brockton, Massachusetts. The church was at that time scattered and much depleted. The church edifice had been destroyed by fire and the faithful remnant of members was worshipping in a hall on Centre Street, up two flights of stairs. Altogether it was a discouraging outlook. He saw great possibilities, however, beneath the discouraging exterior. He was warned by brother ministers that the task was great, perhaps too great. But he loved a hard task. To Mrs. Hudson he said, "This people have called me to minister to them. God help me to fill my dying father's prophecy to be a minister of righteousness." With

ALAN



STAVERT



HENRY



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a great cry to God for strength, he wrote his letter of acceptance. Some sentences show his very soul:

"I realize fully the difficulties and tasks of your present situation, and the amount of earnest, consecrated labor that is requisite. But feeling sure of your fervent and prayerful co-operation, and being largely optimistic of the future welfare of the church, I not only return an affirmative answer to your call, but through Christ offer you my strength, zeal and labor to make the First Church a potent instrument for good in the City of Brockton.

Hoping and praying that God will abundantly bless our labors together, and make us a daily inspiration to each other in our common labor of love, I am

Sincerely yours in the service of Christ."

He had preached in the hall on Centre Street but a few weeks ere it was crowded to overflowing and the congregation moved to Massasoit Hall on Main Street. Meanwhile, under his inspiration, plans were prepared for a new church edifice, and within a year was completed the present stately stone church, a pride to the denomination and to the City of Brockton.

The dedication of that church was an auspicious occasion. Mr. Hudson was installed on Wednesday evening, December 1st, and again the preacher was his personal friend, Dr. George

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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROCKTON

C. Lorimer. On Thursday evening came the dedication of that magnificent new building. Hearts were strangely glad and eyes glistened with tears of joy as the young pastor read "The Call to Worship,"

"Praise waiteth for Thee, O God in Zion;
And unto Thee shall the vow be performed.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise."

The congregational hymn chosen was that by President Timothy Dwight of Yale,

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, of old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was the preacher. The benediction by Pastor Hudson sent his people out into the night with great hopes and great faith. That faith has been kept and those hopes have been fulfilled beyond their dreams.

To be a mere parochial priest, a denominationalist bounded by the interests of his one church, was too small a task for such a man. He esteemed a modern minister's duty to be that

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of leader in all civic, social and religious affairs. His parish was the whole city and his heart was open to every appeal. Rapidly he became a great civic leader. In every crisis in the life of Brockton for nineteen years, his voice was authoritatively raised, his wise judgment respected. Many movements for civic betterment in the city owe their inception to him in whole or in part. He was one of the foremost in the formation of the powerful No-License League; inaugurated "country week" for mothers, which the Woman's Club now supports; urged the extension of Young Women's Christian Association work; was quick to help secure more time with their families for the firemen; made a keen study of labor conditions so that in clashes with capital, his word as to the right or wrong of a situation was with power; was foremost in urging public play grounds. When the troops were called out for the Spanish-American war, he opened the doors of his church and held with them a most impressive service. For two terms he was Chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. This brought a great joy to his own life and a great pride to that famed

organization. He organized the Belgian Relief Committee of Brockton. His wonderful breadth of sympathy and his great catholicity of spirit can be revealed in no clearer way than in his own words spoken at his farewell in Brockton :

“ I would repudiate any creed or church that would prevent my clasping the hand of any one of them, and calling them brother and friend. I despise the bigot. I honor him who can see the good in a fellow-man beyond the pickets of his own creedal fence.

Several weeks ago I spoke from the pulpit of a Jewish synagogue in this city. The response of those eight hundred Jewish men to the appeal of justice and righteousness could not be surpassed by any congregation of Christians in the city.

Ten years ago, when I was ill and confined to my bed, Father Herlihy, the priest of St. Edward’s Roman Catholic Church of this city, came to my bedside, and breathed a tender and beautiful prayer for my recovery. That prayer lingers with me as a golden memory. Several years ago I visited him when, in frail health, he was turning his brave face toward the life beyond. I took his hand in mine and said, ‘Father Herlihy, you are a Catholic and I am a Protestant, but we are common children of the same great Father. You and I are friends and brothers. We are brothers here; we will be brothers beyond the stars. I want to pray with you, not as a minister, but as a brother man.’ There was a soft pressure of the hand, a smile like summer dawn upon his face, and he whispered, ‘Yes, my friend, my brother, pray for me.’ In reverence I lifted the soul of the dying priest up to the heart of his Father and my Father, the

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Father of every creed and race. That was not sectarianism as it is generally understood. But it was religion. And when I saw the light and peace of the unseen world in the eyes of the good priest as I left him, to see him no more upon this bank and shoal of time, I knew, and he knew, that it was the only kind of religion that would live and love throughout the night of death, and rise in joy upon shores eternal."

For ten years he was President of the Ministerial Union of his city. What his brother pastors thought of him, let them tell, in the set of resolutions, beautifully inscribed, which they presented to him at that wonderful meeting of farewell following his resignation to the First Church :

"Whereas, our esteemed Brother, Rev. Alan Hudson, D. D., for the past nineteen years minister of the First Parish Congregational Church in the city of Brockton, has now resigned his pastorate, and is departing from our midst,

And whereas, he has for many years been the honored president of the Ministerial Union of Brockton and vicinity, presiding with dignity and impartiality over all its deliberations, winning the hearts of all by the brotherly relations which he sustained to each member,

And whereas, he has made the Annual Ministers' Outing at Amrita Island, Cataumet, a delightful memory by his genial hospitality and inimitable courtesy,

And whereas, he has been an inspiring and fearless leader in all causes of reform in our city, as well as lending a hand to many broader interests of State and Nation, therefore be it

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

Resolved, That we express to Dr. Hudson our profound sorrow and regret at his removal from the Presidency of our Association, and for the loss of his presence and leadership in the moral and religious life of our community.

We pray that in the new spheres of activity, whither the Master is calling, he may ever find a deepening sense of the presence of our Heavenly Father; an ever increasing delight in the things of the Kingdom, and an ever widening ministry of usefulness among his fellows."

After nineteen years of arduous service for his church, Dr. Hudson felt that the time had come to relinquish parochial cares, that he might give himself more fully to literary pursuits, though he would never abandon the pulpit. On Sunday morning, June 20th, 1915, he read his letter of resignation. Some extracts from that letter deeply reveal the man.

"In this parting word to you, my people, I hope I may be permitted to express my gratitude for the generous opportunities you have offered me in countless ways to serve my fellowmen, in their problems of labor, charity, reform and religion, and in the growth and enrichment of the highest ideals of the city itself. Nineteen years of such labor freely given has left within my heart and brain an affection for this historic church, and for Brockton, which time cannot efface. I have tried to be of service to humanity, without a thought of class or race or sect. For manhood is greater than church and character is nobler than creed. . . .

OF A FRIEND

With nineteen years of your love and fidelity as a fragrant memory, I turn my face toward the future, saying with Cardinal Newman,—

‘So long Thy power has blest me, sure it
still will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.’”

The resignation came as a complete surprise to his congregation and to the city. Every effort was made by church and citizens to reverse his decision. The final decision had been made, however, and there could be no turning back.

On September 19th, came his farewell sermon. A few paragraphs will reveal his catholicity of spirit, breadth of thinking, and ever present passion for righteousness :

“The Christianity of the future will lay more emphasis upon spiritual, and less upon the merely social. For nearly half a century Christianity has been drifting away from its spiritual idealism. The day was when the passion of men was for God. Then men went to church for the vision of the eternal. Then the heart hungered for the living Christ who gave the bread of life to humanity.

While that passion lingers in a modified degree, it is obscured by the modern craze in our churches for social entertainment.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

The church of to-day prides itself more highly upon the consummation of a fine concert than upon the salvation of a soul. It congratulates itself upon successful toasts and suppers, in which religion is reduced to the vanishing point, more than upon the culture of the cross. It devotes eighty per cent of its energies to clubs and circles, to socials and banquets, and forgets that its superlative mission is to reveal to men the face of Jesus Christ.

I have no objection to social functions in religion. They are all an essential part of our multifarious life. I would increase the social attractions for both old and young. But when the church of the historic and redemptive Christ takes them up as substitutes for religion, when they consume the time and strength of a divine organization commissioned to make God known to sinning humanity, then they are impediments to the cross and conducive to spiritual retrogression. If the church is to live, the spiritual passion must be first, and the social functions second.

The church of the future must re-emphasize the supremacy of the spiritual life. That alone satisfies the craving of the human heart. That alone fills the aching void, when other things disappoint us. The success of the New Thought movement, and of Christian Science, which have been attracting so many thoughtful people, is not that they have a new gospel which many churches have forgotten in their craze for entertainment, but that they are re-emphasizing the old gospel which declares that 'God is a spirit and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and truth.' The Christianity of the next fifty years, if it is to live in the conscience, imagination and heart of humanity, must make all else secondary to the spirituality of the redemptive Christ.

OF A FRIEND

The Christianity of the future must also be less a religion of form and belief, and more a religion of life and character. In the majority of instances, the question asked of a candidate seeking church membership is 'What do you believe?' A good belief is essential often to a good life, but it is not the primary thing. Christ made no such blunder. He saw deeper into the heart of religion than we. With him a creed meant little or nothing. Conscience and a character were everything. He said, 'Sin no more,' 'Follow me.' These are the substance of religion.

It is not what a man believes, but how he lives that decides the question of his Christianity. It is not the creed he repeats every Sunday morning that convinces his business associates of his religion, but it is the whiteness of his conscience, and the simple genuineness of his manhood. It is not what you believe but what you are that stamps upon you the royal seal of Jesus Christ.

If the church of the future is to live, it must sound this note to the men in the pews. It must cry out with the old prophet Joel, 'What doth God require of thee, but to love mercy, do justly and walk humbly before thy God.'"

On Tuesday evening, the 21st, fifteen hundred people from every walk of life assembled at the church to bid him and Mrs. Hudson god-speed. Tomorrow they will leave for their new home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. What warm tributes of admiration and love were paid to him. They gave him roses while he lived that he might sense the fragrance and revel in the

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

beauty ere he passed. He did not need to die ere others told him their loves. "That farewell was one of the most remarkable tributes ever given to a living man," — such was the verdict of thousands.

To what heights he attained as a student may be revealed by a visit to his study in Cambridge. Come with me into that loved room. Look about you. Here are the great books of the ages. Literature and theology of course predominate. But here are books on all great themes, for he was vitally interested in every subject that related to man and his environment. Strangely enough, here are sets of law books! Yes, in the years 1906, '07, '08, '09 he studied law in the Sprague Correspondence School, declaring that a minister must have a knowledge of this great branch of study if he would be at his best. Here are his loved volumes of Shakespeare. There is a noble edition of Emerson. All the great poets and authors were his personal friends. In this room he dreamed and worked. Here, at this desk, a gift from the Brockton Firemen's Relief Association for which he had contributed



HIS CAMBRIDGE STUDY



OF A FRIEND

so much of time and strength, came the inspiration for those great sermons and addresses.

I have already spoken of a wonderful triumph which was his in his own city of Toronto. Let me quote from the letter of a colored woman who describes a Washington scene in which he took part:

"About two or three years ago, I attended a mass meeting held in the city of Washington, D. C., for the purpose of protesting against injustice to colored people in the government departments there. (I am of the colored race myself.)

When those on the program had spoken, there was introduced to the audience a visitor, whose name was Rev. Alan Hudson. 'With the tongue of men and of angels' he electrified the great audience; he swept them from their feet; he swayed them until all else was forgotten, and under the spell of his impassioned utterances, the vast multitude sat in breathless admiration. Unaffected sincerity seemed to clothe him as with a garment, and listening to him, one could believe that in the heart of one great soul, at least, the doctrine of the 'brotherhood of man' was in no sense an impractical dream. The world is sadly in need of just such broad-hearted men as Alan Hudson. I feel there is indeed 'a great man fallen this day in Israel.'"

Dr. Hudson's sermons and lectures were cast in the language of prose poetry. There is a

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

rhythm to all his utterances. But he was also a lyric poet of deep, deep feeling. It would be a delight to collect these many children of his



brain and give them a permanent place. I select but one poem and that not for the poetry, but for a new look into the heart of one who "heard

OF A FRIEND

the voice of God walking in the garden at the cool of the day":

"I sat in leafy woodland
'Neath shade of stately tree
With naught to hear but stillness
Loud in its tensity.

I heard no voice of songster,
No music broke the spell;
The voice of God in silence
Was all my heart could tell.

I could not hear its cadence,
Its sacred richness clear;
I only felt the stillness,
And knew that God was near.

I lost the shady bower,
The woodland was no more,
My soul and God's had blended
In union evermore."

Reference has been made to his great capacity for friendship. An extraordinary life was his in this respect. Of the hundreds who knew him intimately, each will declare his greatest intimacy. He drew friends to himself as naturally as a magnet draws the steel. And when once he was a friend of yours, he was a

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

friend forever. He was "The Thousandth Man" of whom Kipling writes :

" His wrongs, your wrong, and his rights, your right,
In season and out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight, —
With that for your only reason !
Nine hundred and ninety men can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the thousandth man will stand by your side
To the gallows' foot and after ! "

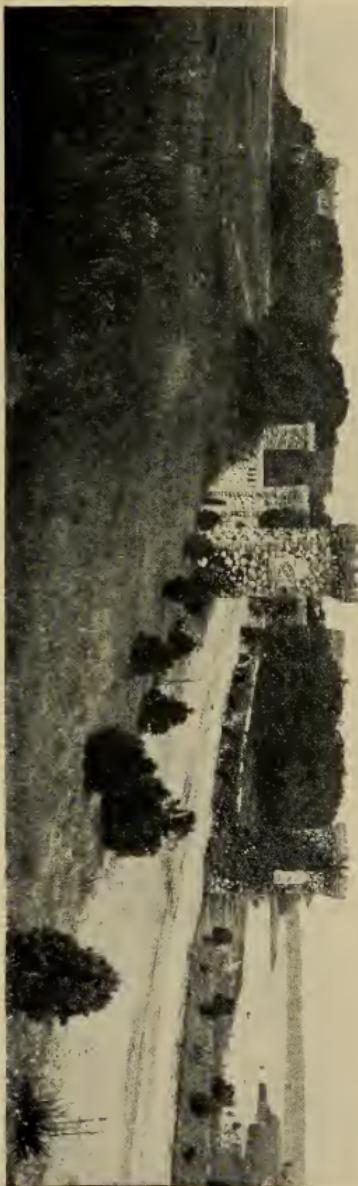
Some of the greatest men in America have called him friend. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn wrote the author at the time of Dr. Hudson's death :

" I have returned from a long lecture trip to find the news of the death of Alan Hudson and your tribute of affection to our old friend. It spreads a black cloud over the face of the sun. I have always associated Hudson with life, and never thought of him in relation to death, — and I am unable to realize that the announcement is true.

This inability in itself is a kind of argument for immortality, and if the intellect questions, the heart stands up and answers, ' I have felt.' He was only at the beginning of his career and what treasure was locked up within him, none of us can ever know."

That capacity for friendship drew to him at the very opening of his Brockton ministry, among other great friends, two of his own parishioners,

APPROACH AND BRIDGE TO AMRITA





OF A FRIEND



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Baxendale. To their lovely retreat on Amrita Island, Cataumet, he

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

came one day, and the visit began a friendship which lasted through the lifetime of Mr. Baxendale and has been perpetuated by Mrs. Baxendale through these years. His life for twenty years has been so interwoven with that beautiful Island and these dear friends, that apart from it and from them his life's story could not be written. Practically every summer these many years has been passed at the Island with wife and children and, since the death of Mr. Baxendale in 1910, as members of the family, living in that beautiful home which looks out from the bluff far over sand and shore and sea to the infinite distances of infinity. Forth from this Island he has gone to some of his greatest triumphs. In this home, yes, in this very room where now I write and from whose windows and balconies I look out to that changing, changeless sea, he wrote his charming romance, "A Heritage of Honor." The Island was in his thoughts when he went forth to those foreign travels which colored and beautified all his after speech and thought. Whenever he was worn and weary, desiring to escape even for a day the nerve-wrecking strain of a busy pastor's life, he sought

OF A FRIEND

the quiet of this retreat, always to find "mother" Baxendale waiting to welcome him, and the gardens and birds and God calling "Come apart and rest awhile and pray." Amrita Island was to him what the cuckoo was to Wordsworth, "No thing, but a voice, a mystery." I can see him now coming down through the cedars, catching a vision of the house in the distance to behold in a moment that almost tropical luxuriance which suddenly spreads itself out before the eye and charms and holds captive the heart.

To this loved Island he came on Wednesday, May 24, 1916. Though warned by his physicians to stay more in the out-of-doors and seek greater relax from mental effort, yet none, not even his family, knew that serious complications threatened his life. We knew him only in health and love. But he was tired and worn with the long year of toil in preaching and lecturing, together with the writing of a drama entitled "The Eye of a Needle." He had finished that great work and laid it upon his study desk in Cambridge. Now Amrita called. He answered gladly and came. On Thursday he wandered about the Island, tending the vines and flowers.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

An excursion he made to a nearby cottage, planning for the coming of his friend in the vacation season. At night he retired, happy, at peace



with God, loved as few are loved by his own family, and conscious of the love of friends. In early morning, the great summons came to him

IN EGYPT



OF A FRIEND

and without time for farewell, he, too, went out over the bar and met his Pilot face to face.

The announcement of his death came like a breath of fear. We stood still in bewilderment. Then we hastened to bring the help and comfort our hearts could bring. The great Comforter came with us, was there before us, and in His own way brought ease that kept those hearts from breaking.

Tears, tears, blessed tears! How the heart would scald, were it not for tears! Useless tears, bitter tears, yet tears of longing and hope and strong crying for love.

A Memorial Service was held in his old First Church at Brockton on Sunday afternoon. A great outpouring of the people testified to a city's sorrow. Brother pastors of all beliefs told their love and affection for him, and of his great work for others. Representatives came in large numbers from "Bethany," Quincy, and "Pilgrim," Dorchester, the two churches in which he had preached during the year following his departure from Brockton. Pilgrim Church had been listening to him for only a few weeks, yet had become captivated by the great heart, great love, great

scholarship of the man. The announcement of his death was a stunning blow. They mourned him as a life-long friend. On the Sunday evening following his burial, they held a tender memorial service. Dr. Bridgman, editor of "The Congregationalist," Rev. Nicholas Van der Pyl of Haverhill, and Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, each brought their tributes of respect and love. The great church was filled with a sorrowing people.

Scores of letters and resolutions from churches and societies throughout New England and Canada poured in upon the family.

On Monday, we came to say our good-bye to him "'til we meet at Jesus' feet." Rev. H. Clinton Hay of Brookline voiced our longings in prayer and poem :

"He is not dead, but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of his Master's breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,
He is not dead, but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes he dearly cherished
All faded gently as the setting sun ;
What though our fondest expectations perished
Ere yet life's noblest labors seemed begun ;



WAITING TO WELCOME

OF A FRIEND

What though he standeth at no earthly altar,
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,
He serveth as a priest forevermore !

O glorious end of life's short day of sadness,
O blessed course so well and nobly run !
O home of true and everlasting gladness,
O crown unfading ! and so early won !

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee, O our Father,
For the dear one forever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when Thou shalt gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest."

President F. M. Newman, of Howard University, which Institution had honored itself in 1904 by conferring on him the degree of D. D. and electing him as trustee, spoke of the contribution of Dr. Hudson to literature and life. Rev. J. Stanley Durkee of Brockton gave the following address :

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

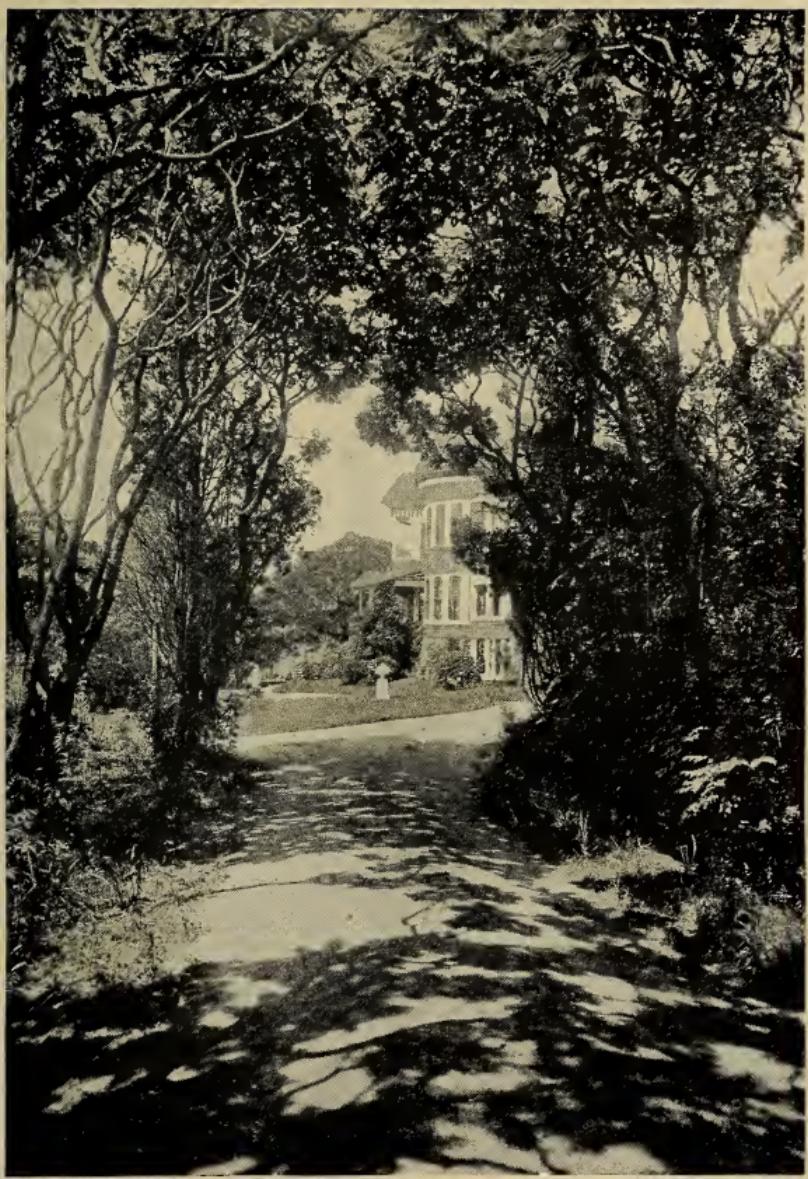
But for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more."

All day Friday, amid the heart-breaking experiences through which I was passing, where an almost unnatural calmness and control was demanded, there kept repeating itself over and over in my brain these words of Mark Antony, — "He was my friend, faithful and just to me." "He was my friend, faithful and just to me." It sang itself to me as I stood with my hand on his cold brow. It repeated itself to me as I broke the awful tidings to those whom he loved better than life. Wherever I moved in his favorite haunts, and when I stood at Sunset Point looking off from that lovely place, the refrain would come back again and again, — "He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

Alan Hudson possessed the unusual gift of making everybody friendly. No one could come within the circle of his influence and not feel that warmth of heart and bigness of soul. It has never been my privilege to know another man whom everybody claimed as a personal and



THROUGH THE CEDARS



OF A FRIEND

particular friend. So universally true is this that it would seem almost a presumption on my part to speak of a nearer and more intimate friendship than others. Yet a nearer and more intimate friendship was mine. I walked and talked and loved with him, within the inner gardens of his great heart where the roses bloomed and the lilies were fair. I communed with him where the flashing fountains of literature, poetry, and art threw their spray into the glorious sunshine. Our laughter echoed over the lawns of our loves when fun was afloat, or our tears started when the woes of others cast their shadows over us. "He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

How often we talked of friendship ! How often did we repeat those great words of Alfred Noyes :

" What will you say when the world is dying ?
What, when the last wild midnight falls
Dark, too dark for the bats to be flying
Round the ruins of old St. Paul's ?
What will be last of the lights to perish ?
What but the little red ring we knew,
Lighting the hands and the hearts that cherish
A fire, a fire, and a friend or two !

Up now, answer me, tell me true !
What will be last of the stars to perish ?
The fire that lighteth a friend or two ! "

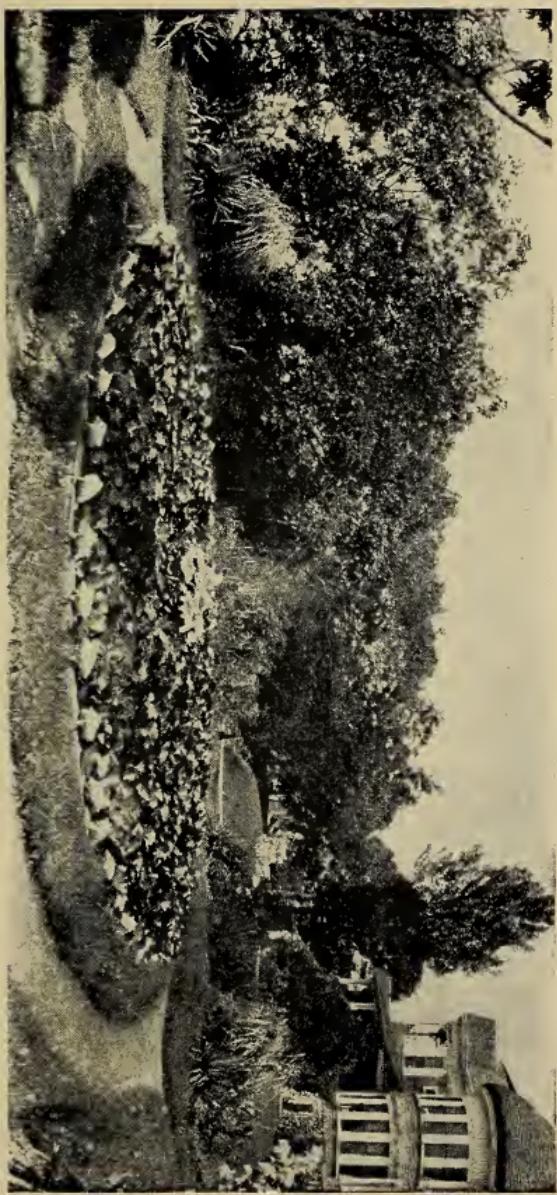
IN THE FOOTSTEPS

He cherished that "friend or two" with a warmth that at times might seem excessive,—the excessiveness of a great, boundless soul. To live in that warmth was to unfold all one's deepest yearnings and desires. There was a strange compulsion of confidence which made one wonder, when he had gone. But that such confidence would ever be betrayed, never crossed one's thought. He would never betray!

So often have I heard him say,—I can love the fellow who falls by his own weakness or is dragged down by the weakness of others; I pity the one who sins through human frailties, no matter how far those frailties may lead him; but I have no words of sufficient strength to express my detestation of one who deliberately betrays or knifes in the dark. That reveals a fiendishness of spirit from which I recoil with all my soul.

Live in the sunlight, was his motto, and keep the sunlight playing everywhere. Be glad in God's glad world. Be not so anxious over your own selfish needs that you fail to see the larger needs of others. Think not that your task, your toil, your position, even your church and your parish is the only one. Live larger than your tasks

HOME AND GARDENS AT AMRITA





OF A FRIEND

Be bigger than your work. Let all the people of whatever name or station share life with you.

But the penalty of such bigness is a failure in petty details and misunderstanding by narrower men. He chafed under petty details and often rejoiced that little people misunderstood. He could measure the growth of his soul by the narrowness of all sectarianism. He despised the coward, the trickster, and the hireling. He had no fellowship with meanness.

I will leave to others a rehearsal of those great qualities of brain and soul, which are the common property of all who knew him ; and of the work which he has left for his monument.

Indulge me in the desire to reveal his visions of things to be done, of work to be accomplished. With characteristic bigness and boldness, he saw that the religious drama would be one of the mightiest educational forces in the future. It would work its perfect will in the lives of millions, through the stage and the motion picture. Could he speak a good word for his Lord and his church thus ? Others had written regarding the church, the minister, and the whole problem of religious development. But not one

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

of those others had spoken from the inside knowledge of a long pastorate and a large church. Could he not counteract some of the false teaching of these popular books and plays? He would try! But a day before his death he had finished a drama on which a year of effort had been expended. That drama is Alan Hudson's answer to fifty novelists and play writers who have written of ministers and churches from their ignorance rather than their knowledge.

But what he has done, great as it is, and destined, I believe, to mold the lives of millions, is only a foreshadow of what he planned to do. He saw all the pathos, the horror, the downright sin of denominational separateness in the face of these giant world tasks. Only last week in his study at Cambridge, we talked over his visions of a drama that might help to show our present weaknesses as Christians, Protestants and Catholics alike, and focus attention on those fundamental unities on which all could stand. His mind also turned to the story of Daniel, as recorded in the Old Testament, playing about those dramatic scenes with a freshness that prophesied a great work.

OF A FRIEND

But the book that lived with him, spoke to him, beckoned him, and about which he dreamed, was the one to be entitled, "The Galilean." Here would he pour all the wealth of that great affection for his Lord. To this work would he bring all his scholarship, all his travels, all his twenty years of a pastor's experience, but especially all his passionate attachment to Jesus, and here would he speak his last word to his generation and the generations to come.

Great dreams ! Great visions ! Do they die ?
Do they perish forever ? Do they pass into nothingness ? Does that creative impulse fail ?
No ! No ! As God's creative impulse is eternally operative, so I believe man's will be. Robert Browning was right when he passionately cried :
"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of the hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by and by."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

God's creative impulse faileth not, nor shall man's fail. Eternally divorced from all material limitations, that creative impulse of Alan Hudson will project itself across future forevers.

I am glad we told him that we loved him. At his going away from our city, a council of Congregational Churches was called to dissolve the pastoral relations so beautifully maintained for nineteen years. When an opportunity was given for the church and for friends to express themselves regarding the life and work of Dr. Hudson in our city, so wonderful were the expressions of love and appreciation, so many were the instances given of great personal help and life careers shaped, and so intimate were the offerings of friendship that one of the council exclaimed, — “It were worth a hundred years of toil to gain such words of love and appreciation as these.”

Later the pastors of the city gave a farewell dinner to Dr. and Mrs. Hudson at the Young Men's Christian Association. The expressions from his brother ministers of the city with whom he had worked for years revealed such friendship, such brotherhood, such fair play and such earnest

OF A FRIEND

Christian leadership that I have often said to him since, — You did not need to die to be told the esteem in which you were held and the love which was constantly surrounding you.

I repeat, — I am glad we told him we loved him and allowed the flowers of our loves to surround him while he lived and could understand and appreciate them rather than to have waited until he was gone and then bury him beneath the beautiful flowers and amid the choicest aroma.

But friends part to meet again. It is the promise of God. I know it. I comfort my soul with the assurance. I challenge myself with the gladness. The intervening years may go heavily. The tiresome wait may be weary. The longing eyes may grow sleepy. But some day his ringing greeting shall come to me from over the hills of home and with clasped hands we shall stand for a moment to look into eyes that have expressed their loves, and be glad with a gladness that shall know no ending. "And to God, be the rest."

He had so much to live for here! To whom did the Future beckon with more frantic waving

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

of her hand? What sun rose so clear at morning, shined so brilliantly at noon tide, or set in such a blaze of glory, evening by evening, as did his? To whom was ever granted a home more happy, a wife more loving, a family more dear? Were I piloting you to ideal homes, I would quickly take you to that lovely home of his in Cambridge. Oh, why could not the death angel have spared such a home to teach others of real earth gladness, and spared such a wife and mother the sorrow that she might sing in joy among those who are weary and heavy ladened! God knows. God never makes mistakes. "I will trust and not be afraid." "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God."

Could he come back to stand here with us today I think he would say—"It is all well. I see God's plans in larger outline. 'All things are working together for His good.' 'The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.'" Could he thus speak, then would we answer him,—"Brother, Friend, Comrade, we will trust and follow, until the day dawns and the shadows flee away and we stand in the presence of the King, to kneel with thee at His feet

OF A FRIEND

in adoration, and then arise to sing with that great throng of the redeemed around the throne, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forevermore."

He is not dead ! He cannot die ! He lives in larger measure than ever before. The going of others have meant great separations to me, but I strangely feel that there is no separation from him. He lives with me in thought and presence.

" I think the gentle soul of him
Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
Upon his face.

He who was lover of the spring,
With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming
And violets.

Now that his day of toil is through,
I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
Upon his knees.

He who so loved companionship
I may not think walks quite alone
Failing some friendly hand to slip
Within his own.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

For God is gentle to his guest,
And, therefore may I gladly say,
'Surely the things he loved the best
Are his to-day.' "



OF A FRIEND

Meanwhile the sun was going out through the golden gates of the west, but the tide was coming in to its full. Slowly and with falling tears we carried him from the room he so much loved, down the great stone steps and along an avenue of flowers, to that beautiful mausoleum at Sunset Point and laid him beside his life friend. The Lotus Quartet stood under the little Egyptian kiosk which overlooks the mausoleum, Sunset Point, and the sea. Just as the tide lapped to its full on the stone steps and paused, ere it would go out once more, the beautiful words of the departing Tennyson came sweetly upon our ears :

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
 deep
Turns again home.

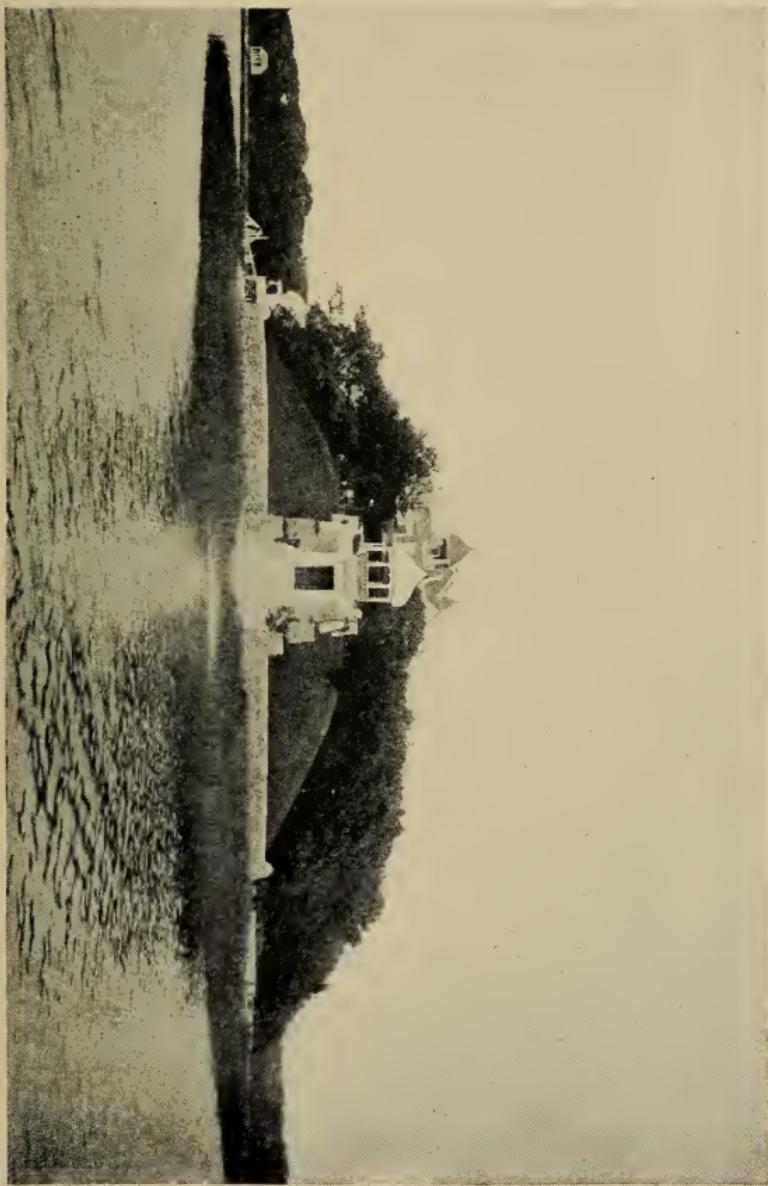
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

His own words in the closing of that touching memorial to Mr. Baxendale now became my words of good-bye to him :

" We leave him in his 'Sunset Terrace.' Here he will sleep to the lullaby of the sea. The pines will whisper above him, the white gulls will drift across his marble couch and the clinging vines will shelter the summer birds that chant his requiem. Sleep on, old friend ! and when the morning dawns, the broken links of love will join again and life in endless joy flow on and on forever."

WHERE HE SLEEPS







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